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CHURCH HYMNS

147. d.

140.





HYMNS

FOR

The Services of the Church,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,

FOR THE USE OF

COUNTRY CONGREGATIONS.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.;

10888, WOODBRIDGE.

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THE chief object regarded in this selection of Hymns is to provide what shall be sound in doctrine, easily understood, and suitable for Country Congregations. The number has been restricted for the sake of bringing its price within the reach of the poor, and because it is not intended to take the place of the version of the Psalms, which we have in our Prayer Books—but merely to provide one or more Hymns suitable for each Sunday and Season in the Christian Year. An Index has been added to point out how they are to be used.

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Christian Year.*

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ADVENT.

1.

C. M.

HARK! an awful voice is sounding :
 "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say,
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 "O ye children of the day!"

Lo! to grant a pardon free,
 Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven ;
Sad and tearful, hasten we,
 One and all, to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us!
 May He to forgive draw near!

To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three in One,
 Praise on earth be ever given.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,

Once for favour'd sinners slain :

Thousand, thousand saints attending,

Swell the triumph of His train :

Hallelujah !

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him

Rob'd in dreadful majesty :

They who set at nought and sold Him,

Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,

Deeply wailing,

Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption long expected,

See in solemn pomp appear ;

All His saints, by man rejected,

Rise and meet Him in the air ;

Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,

High on Thine Eternal throne ;

Saviour, take the power and glory,

Claim the Kingdoms for Thine own ;

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen !

GREAT GOD! what do I see and hear!

The end of things created!

Behold the Judge of man appear

On clouds of glory seated:

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contain'd before,

Prepare my soul to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies

With joy their Lord surrounding:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepar'd to meet Him!

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing;

For they arise and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing;

The day of grace is past and gone;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepar'd to meet Him!

Great God! what do I see and hear?

The end of things created!

Behold the Judge of man appear,

On clouds of glory seated!

Beneath His cross I view the day,

When Heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet Him!

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole,
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

CHRISTMAS.

5.

D 7's

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heavens ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

Good will to sinful man is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' Incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
"To us a Child is born."

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

7.

S. M.

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

By blood and water too,
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.

Look we, and hold our peace;
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

EPIPHANY.

8.

P. M.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !

Great David's greater Son !

Hail, in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free,

To take away transgression,

And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy

To those who suffer wrong,

To help the poor and needy,

And bid the weak be strong.

Kings shall fall down before Him,

And gold and incense bring ;

All nations shall adore Him,

His praise all people sing.

To Him shall prayer unceasing

And daily vows ascend ;

His Kingdom still increasing,

A Kingdom without end :

The tide of time shall never

His covenant remove ;

His Name shall stand for ever :

That Name to us is Love.

ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeated'st,
Angel-host, these notes of love.
 This ye utter
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high,
 We poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn!
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn;
 Our offences,
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see,
 Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stands on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal !

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long
But died without the sight.

Oh Lord ! send forth Thy truth,
Make known Thy name abroad,
Till all the nations shall behold
Their Saviour and their God.

IN duty and in suffering too,
Lord, we Thy steps would trace;
As Thou hast done, so would we do,
Depending on Thy grace.

With earnest zeal 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will:
O may that zeal our souls excite
Thy precepts to fulfil!

Supported by Almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road,
And still Thy sacred footsteps trace,
And rise to Thine abode.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

12.

C. M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that Book, to show
How God Himself is found.

Thou who hast giv'n us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the Angel host.

SEXAGESIMA.

13.

C. M.

MAKER of earth, to Thee alone
Perpetual rest belongs ;
And the bright choirs around Thy throne
May pour their endless songs.

But we,—ah, holy now no more !
Are doomed to toil and pain ;
Yet exiles on an alien shore
May sing their country's strains.

Father, whose promise binds Thee still
To heal the suppliant throng,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so long !

And while we mourn, in faith to rest
Upon Thy love and care :
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
The song of Heav'n to share.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

14.

P. M.

GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, Hope, and Love, here weave one chain,
But Love alone shall there remain,
When this short day is gone :
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light !
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done ?

We sow 'mid perils here and tears ;
But there, when past all earthly fears
Shall reap what we have sown ;
Great God of all, the increase give,
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown !

LENT.

15.

C. M.

O Lord, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou can'st tell;
What we have done and what we are
Thou knowest very well.

Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit
O let Thy mercy come.

GOD of our life, to Thee we call,
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we lodge our sad complaint?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever sinner plead with Thee,
And Thou reject his lowly plea?
Does not Thy Word still pledg'd remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye!
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake.

ANGELS, lament, behold your God
Man's sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree,
Man's sins the Saviour bears.

O Christ, with wond'ring minds we see
What mighty love was Thine !
Did God consent to suffer thus,
And, oh ! shall man repine ?

No, Saviour, no ! the pow'r of death
Thy cross hath overcome ;
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom :

The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our cross may be ;
So Thou by grace enable us
To bear it after Thee.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on ev'ry heart.

When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a wish our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

In meek submission to Thy will
Let ev'ry pray'r arise ;
And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

The Son of God in tears
The angels wond'ring see :
Hast thou no wonder, O my soul?
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept, that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame ;
He wept to show His love for us,
And bid us love the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till ev'ry tear from ev'ry eye
Is wip'd away by Him.

PALM SUNDAY.

20.

C. M.

ALL glory, worship, praise, to Thee,
Redeemer, Lord, and King,
Who madest bright-fac'd infancy
The high Hosanna sing.

The Hebrew throng, with many a palm
Went forth their Lord to meet;
With many a pray'r, and hymn, and psalm,
We bend before Thy feet.

They gave the tribute of their praise
To speed Thee to Thy pain;
We our adoring anthem raise
To greet Thee in Thy reign.

O, King of pity, King of love,
Who all for good dost view,
As Thou their off'ring did'st approve,
Accept our homage too.

Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good ;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears ?

'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might ;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight !
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

Mighty Victor ! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won ;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done :
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes ;
Thou hast heal'd Thy people's woes.

GOOD FRIDAY.

22.

7's.

SEE the destin'd day arise ;
See, a willing sacrifice,
Jesus to redeem our loss
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

Jesus ! who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe ?

Who but Thou had dar'd to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain ;
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails and piercing spear ?

Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promis'd good.

Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Merit I have none to bring,
Only to Thy cross I cling ;
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

EASTER.

24.

P. M.

JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to-day,
Hallelujah !

Our triumphant holiday:
Hallelujah !

Who did once upon the cross
Hallelujah !

Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah !

Unto Christ our heav'nly King ;
Hallelujah !

Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Hallelujah !

Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah !

But the pains which He endur'd
Hallelujah !

Our salvation have procur'd :
Hallelujah !

Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !

Where the angels ever sing
Hallelujah !

GLORY to Thee, God only good,
Who from Thy wounded side
Did'st send the water and the blood;
Salvation's healing tide!

Glory to Thee, whose bleeding wound
Doth living streams supply,
Which through the desert world abound,
And without which we die!

Glory to Thee, Who thus dost give
The Fount to cleanse from sin:
New birth, by which the soul may live,
The door to enter in!

Glory to Thee, Almighty Lord,
Who art the Living Bread—
The manna, hallow'd by Thy Word
By which our souls are fed.

O worship the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His pow'r and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of days
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light :
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ; -
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

WHEN earthly joys glide swift away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes beset and friends betray,
I turn, my God, to Thee.

Thy nature, Lord, no change can know,
Thy promise still is sure ;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow,
But Thou can'st find a cure.

Deliv'rance comes most bright and blest
At danger's darkest hour ;
And man's extremity is best
To prove Almighty pow'r.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near
When suppliants succour crave ;
And as Thine ear is swift to hear,
Thine arm is strong to save.

ASCENSION.

28.

S. M.

AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising pow'r;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
And triumph in your King.

Soon shall each joyful tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire
Redemption's only spring ;
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The Ransom has been paid ;
And thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes array'd.

Oh, Christ, be Thou our present Joy,
Our future great Reward ;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

O Heavenly Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls!

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.

There God for ever sitteth
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

WHITSUNDAY.

31.

C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from Heav'n,
In pow'r and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riv'n,
Half darkness and half flame.

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Pow'r
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love and fear.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That, thro' the ages all along,
This may be our endless song.

Praise to Thy Eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

TRINITY.

33.

L. M.

FATHER of all! Whose wondrous grace
Mov'd Thee to save our guilty race,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death:
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died !” they cry,
“To be exalted thus ;”
“Worthy the Lamb !” our lips reply,
“For He was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow’r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rung,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Now in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

..

O let triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe :
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe ?

He Who His only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give ?

Who now His people shall accuse ?
'Tis God hath justified :
Who now His people shall condemn ?
The Lamb of God hath died.

And He who died hath ris'n again
Triumphant from the grave :
At God's right-hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

CHILDREN of the Heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise
Glorious in His works and days.

Ye are trav'ling home to God
In the path the father's trod ;
They are happy—grant that we
Soon their happiness may see.

Fear not brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord ! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

O God of Bethel ! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, come :
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, come.

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come,"
Lord ! even so : We wait Thy hour ;
Jesus, our Saviour, come.

How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from suff'ring great
Who came to realms of light ;
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

'Midst pastures green he leads His flock
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Doth wipe off ev'ry tear.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son :

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty pow'r :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endow'd :
And take, to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good Thou art ;
But what to those who find ?

Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As Thou our prize will be :
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

SAINTS DAY.

43.

C. M.

Lo ! what a cloud of witnesses
 Encompass us around ;
Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
 But now with glory crown'd.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
 Strive in the Christian race ;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
 Their holy footsteps trace.

Behold, a witness nobler still,
 Who, moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And now He reigns above.

Thither, forgetting things behind,
 Press we, to God's right hand ;
There, with the Saviour and His saints
 Triumphantly to stand.

EMBER WEEK.

44.

L. M.

O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;
One is our Father, One our Lord,
One Body, Spirit, Hope, Reward ;

One God and Father of us all,
On whom Thy church and people call ;
O, may we one communion be,
One with each other, one with Thee.

Bless those whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things :
With quick'ning grace, O God draw near,
To those who preach and those who hear.

So may we join the song of love,
Which saints and angels sing above ;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Great Trinity in Unity.

BAPTISM.

45.

WHEN Jesus rais'd His pray'r on high
Ascending from the stream :
There pour'd in glory from the Sky
The Spirit's radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beautiful dove,
It rests on Him alone :
"This," saith the Voice of God above,
"Is my Beloved Son."

So those on whom is duly pour'd
The blest baptismal wave,
They too are children of the Lord,
They too may ask and have.

Since Thou, Lord, hast remov'd our stain
In that most holy flood,
May no fresh sin destroy again
The cleansing of thy blood !

CONFIRMATION.

46.

6. 8's.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee ?

A boon of love divine we seek :

Brought to Thine arms in infancy,

Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,

Thy children pray for grace that they

May come their childhood's vows to pay,

LORD, shall we come ? and come again,

Oft as we see yon table spread,

And—tokens of Thy dying pain—

The wine pour'd out, the broken bread ?

Bless, bless, O LORD, Thy children's pray'r,

That they may come and find Thee there !

LORD, shall we come, not thus alone,

At holy time, or solemn rite,

But every hour till life be flown,

In weal or woe, in gloom or light ;

Come to Thy throne of grace, that we

In Faith, Hope, Love, confirm'd may be ?

LORD, shall we come—come yet again :—

Thy children ask one blessing more :—

To come, not now alone, but then,

When life, and death, and time are o'er ;

Then, then to come, O LORD, and be

Confirm'd in Heav'n,—confirm'd by Thee.

HOLY COMMUNION.

47.

L. M.

MY GOD, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Lord, let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

O WORD of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
And bless our festival.

Here Christ of His own blood
Himself the Cup doth give,
And feeds his own with Angel's food,
On which our spirits live.

For guilty souls that pine,
Sure mercies here abound,
And healing grace, with oil and wine,
For ev'ry secret wound.

All might, all praise be Thine,
The God whom all adore,
The Father, Son, and Spirit divine
Both now and evermore.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

49.

P. M.

MOURN not in sadness o'er the dead,
For Christ is ris'n—His people's Head—
To make their life secure.
They too, like Him, must yield their breath;
Like Him—shall burst the bonds of death,
Their resurrection sure.

Why should His people fear the grave?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too:
What tho' this earthly house shall fail,
Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
Stedfast, unmoveable;
Your labour shall not be in vain;
Your bodies shall be rais'd again
No more corruptible.

ANOTHER place is void,
Another soul set free,
Another the lone path hath trod
That leads, O Lord, to Thee.

Another pray'r hath ceas'd
To mingle with our own ;
From sin and suff'ring releas'd,
His time of prayer is done.

Another link to bind
Our spirits with the blest ;
A warning to each earthly mind
That this is not our rest.

Lord, make us feel to-day
How near to us Thou art—
That whoso next is call'd away,
May in Thy peace depart.

MISSIONS.

51.

L. M.

O Spirit of the living God,
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend upon our fallen race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming light :
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry people call Him Lord.

How wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise ;
How just, King of saints,
And true are Thy ways :
O who shall not fear Thee,
And honour Thy Name :
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

To nations long dark,
Thy light shall be shown ;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne :
Thy truth and Thy judgements
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess Thee their God.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth
All praise be address'd :
To God in Three Persons
One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

ALMSGIVING.

53.

S. M.

MY Maker, and my King!
What thanks to Thee I owe!
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
Whence all our blessings flow.

The creatures of Thy hand
On Thee alone we live;
My God! Thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

O ever good and kind!
Our best affections move;
With holy thoughts inspire the mind
And warm our hearts to love.

To succour those in need
Do Thou our souls incline:
Yet let us never boast the deed;
For all we give is Thine.

HARVEST.

54.

C. M.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are ;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The dew descended from Thy hand,
Thou gav'st Thy suns to shine,
A plenteous harvest crowns the land,
Lord, all the praise be Thine.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time, nor harvest, night, nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

THANKSGIVING.

55.

P. M.

O nation, Christian nation !
Lift high the hymn of praise ;
The God of our salvation
Is Love in all His ways :
 He blesseth us and feedeth
 Ev'ry creature of His hand,
 To succour him that needeth,
 And to gladden all the land.

O praise the hand that giveth,
And giveth evermore,
To ev'ry soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er ;
 For ev'ry soul He filleth
 With manna from above,
 And over all distilleth
 The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather,
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth us rejoice ;
 For oft He turns the sadness
 Of His people into mirth,
 And we should sing with gladness
 The gratitude of earth.

MORNING.

56.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if the last :
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere ;
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing Eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King !

EVENING.

57.

L. M.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
Our wearied eye-lids gently steep
Be our last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on our Saviour's breast !

Abide with us from morn to eve,
For without Thee we cannot live :
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die,

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

NEW YEAR.

59.

L. M.

GREAT GOD! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year Thy mercy shews,
Let mercy crown it till its close.

With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit
And thankful leave before Thy feet.

Thus far Thine arm hath led us on,
Thus far we make Thy mercy known,
And while we tread this desert land
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

60.

S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear.

Our cautioned souls prepare,
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, rob'd in majesty and pow'r
Thou shalt from Heaven come down.

O may we then be found,
Obedient to Thy word ;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

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